

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Crozier.*



AT MONACO.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"ARE you not well, Mr. Moreton?" asked Mrs. Buxton, kindly, as the young man sat down to dinner, struck by the unusual pallor of his countenance, and a strange hard look in his eye.

"I think he must be, for he has been cross nearly all day," answered Willie, hardily, for which remark he received a reproof from his mother, and a good-

natured smile from his tutor, who said he was very well, with the exception of a slight headache.

"You will be at home this evening, I hope," observed Mrs. Buxton, as she rose from table. "I have a few friends coming to see me."

Edward excused himself, and Mrs. Buxton said no more. She was not accustomed to see much of him except at mealtimes, and knew that he was often asked out.

As Mrs. Buxton kept rather early hours on Willie's

account, Edward was at the station in very good time for the last train to Monte Carlo. It is a significant fact that the inhabitants of the Principality of Monaco and those of the department of the Alpes Maritimes are forbidden access to the gaming-tables, except those who are members of the principal clubs at Nice, or "Cercles," as they are more generally called. Of course the prohibition is often evaded, no one who has anything to lose finding any difficulty in overcoming the superficial obstacles placed in the way.

As Edward found himself among the motley throng waiting to take tickets, his vacillation was over, and his remorseful feelings had given place to a nervous eagerness, that, for a time, stifled every other sentiment. He saw no one he knew, and was glad of it, wishing to have the undisturbed use of his time, and took his seat in the carriage, longing for the chances which were to whitewash and make a new man of him.

Two persons were in the same compartment, but Edward was at first too absorbed in his own thoughts to take any notice of them. It was not until the short journey was nearly over that his attention was drawn towards them, and then it became riveted by the first remark that fell upon his ear.

"By pursuing my system I must eventually gain; there is no mistake about it. With me it is only a question of being able to hold out long enough," said the elder of the two men, insisting upon the truth of his statement in spite of the incredulity of his companion, who repeated what Edward had often heard, that the chances were always against the player.

The energetic speaker, sitting immediately under the lamp, was a man of uncertain age, with white hair, keen black eyes, painfully restless, and a long thin face, lined and marred with vexing or anxious thoughts. His dress looked old, his linen soiled and rumpled, his hat worn and shabby, his whole appearance indicated neglect and poverty, and yet some traces of the gentleman remained in his polished accent and manner of speaking. In his infatuated perseverance, his persistent belief in himself, and the nervous twitching movements of his hands, Edward might have recognised one of the most pitiable spectacles of humanity, the confirmed, deluded gamester—one whom no warning could deter, no misery cure. But the young man took another view: he regarded him as his superior in wisdom, and gathered courage from his opinions.

Except the scramble for places on returning, nothing can equal that which occurs on the arrival of the train at Monaco and Monte Carlo at this late hour. Rapidly the carriages disgorge their numerous occupants, so rapidly these last disappear. The platform thronged one minute is deserted the next; all disappear as if by magic, swallowed up immediately by the cabs, omnibuses, and other vehicles waiting outside the station.

Edward, who now condescended to the useless parsimony of saving every penny, preferred walking, and thus lost sight of his late companions. On entering the Casino they were not easily distinguished in the crowd, and Edward soon forgot them, though he remembered only too well the old man's lesson, that perseverance must eventually be crowned with success, an inverted axiom as applied to evil courses, which sooner or later will find their due reward.

No scene could be gayer in one sense than that on which he entered; gay to the eye, though sad enough

to the heart, was this brilliantly lighted room. Over the smooth *parquet*, women, handsomely attired, when not otherwise engaged, floated their long trains, and smiled and simpered as they would have done in a ballroom; and men, lounging on the ottomans around, waiting for a favourable moment to play, dropped a few idle words into the ears of their fair companions. Old men, with more than one foot in the grave, endeavoured to shuffle into their accustomed places, or remained behind the seated players, trying their chances with delirious eagerness. Some stood aloof, thinking and calculating, with the brand of unholy greed upon their brow. Women, young and old, dead to the gentle attributes of their sex, sat gloating over their gains, or gazing eagerly at the roulette wheel.

Resolute on his own course, and heedless of all the by-play going on, Edward took his place at one of the roulette tables, changed the fatal note, and began his work. Could Mona have seen him then, she would have scarcely recognised her brother.

Though too intent upon his game to notice others, some one recognised him. A gentle hand was unexpectedly laid upon his arm, and, turning impatiently at the interruption, Edward was accosted by a young woman with whom he had a slight acquaintance, from having met her before in similar circumstances. In the absence of her husband, she had been induced by a friend to visit Monaco merely to hear the music and see the garden. Like many others, they had gone further. In thoughtless amusement they had put down a piece of money and—gained. The elder lady went home, and wisely never returned; not so the younger. Seized with a love of play, she came again and again, afflicted with the infatuated hope that leads so many to ruin. This evening she lost all she had, even to the last jewel, her wedding-ring, which she had pawned close by, so great are the facilities given to sin in this pandemonium of iniquity. Perceiving Edward, she entreated him to lend her a trifle to try again. Refusing at first, he afterwards showed some signs of relenting as the lady begged hard for one chance more, which might enable her to face her husband upon his return. Wiser for her than for himself, he had more fear than hope, and was unwilling to throw anything away on a case so desperate, but ultimately yielded to her request, his reason so stultified and perverted as to suffer him to entertain a hope that the sacrifice he made on her behalf might prove a benefit to himself and bring him good luck. So he gave her a napoleon, telling her at the same time that it was all he could do, his own condition being almost as desperate as her own.

Spell-bound, he stood still to watch the movements of the wretched woman as, after clutching the money, she left him with a ray of joy upon her wasted countenance. Procuring change from the croupier, she gave herself two chances. In less than a minute the first was gone; the second soon followed, and the poor creature turned away with a choking sob, unheeded, such occurrences being too common to touch the hearts of those engaged in a game so desperate. Edward saw her distress, and trembled for himself. The "good luck" looked for upon his charity had not come to her; would it come to him? Should a like result attend his ventures, where would he be? But he had several chances, and—the hardening process had begun—no one knew that the note had passed into his possession. Were it lost he would only be where he was before.

With teeth set, and haggard, anxious eyes, he witnessed the failure of his first three attempts, but the fourth, fifth, and sixth were successful. Perceiving that he was winning, he doubled his stakes, and won again. His breath came short and thick from excitement. Clearly, he was in luck, as the phraseology goes; if the vein continued he was a saved man, rescued from debt and shame, and fully determined never to fall into the same trouble again. If his hand shook when he laid down his gold pieces, it trembled more as he gathered them up. The agitation attending his winning was so great that he could neither restrain nor conceal it, though the actors in these painful scenes are generally too absorbed to remark their neighbours.

Edward played on, and with uninterrupted success. His heart throbbed with joy. In pocketing his gains one piece fell from his nervous fingers and rolled along the floor. Stepping aside to pick it up, on returning to the table he perceived that a group of spectators were watching a gentleman with great interest. He appeared to be playing a desperate game, with an impossibility that Edward could not understand. Though his face was pale, and his eye immovably fixed upon the board, his hand was perfectly steady. He was losing when Edward noticed him, staking high notes one after the other, and saw them swept away by the indefatigable rake of the croupier with Spartan firmness. Not a sign of regret or emotion could be traced on his marble features.

With a passing thought of envy at such self-possession, Edward resumed his play. And now his luck forsook him, napoleon after napoleon disappeared, until his pockets were so empty that he felt obliged to return to small stakes. Fortune favoured him once more; the five-franc pieces began to win again several times in succession; the good vein had been reopened. Aware that, though winning, his gains were too small to meet his present needs, and that the time was short, he changed his play. With desperate courage he ventured all he had except one piece, and lost! And now for the last chance. He laid it down with a failing heart; had he dared, he would have prayed for success. A sharp sob, like a wail of anguish, burst from his aching heart as the croupier gathered in the last piece he possessed, and Edward turned to depart just as a pistol-shot from without echoed through the room.

Hurrying forward, he was just in time to see the wretched victim he had recently regarded almost with envy lie prostrate on the marble steps outside. He had ventured and lost all—ALL in his case, body and soul.

For some moments Edward stood still, petrified with horror, more dead than alive, vacantly watching the business-like way in which the corpse was treated. Help seemed to spring out of the ground. Men whom he had lately seen near the tables, apparently idle spectators, were there immediately giving directions, and one thrust a small packet into the pocket of the deceased. Quickly the body was conveyed away from the blazing gaslight into darkness. As the bearers tramped down the steps with their burden, Edward followed mechanically, not knowing whether he was going, nor why he moved at all. A white object lay on the ground where the bearers had passed; he picked it up, and perceived that it consisted of three notes of a hundred francs each. He knew at once what it was—the roll put into the pocket of the dead man to deceive

the public into the belief that the suicide was not the result of irretrievably ruined finances. He had heard that such things were done, but scarcely thought it could be true.

He had only time to ascertain what the parcel contained, when he was accosted by a man whom he recognised as having seen hovering about the tables that evening, although he seemed purposely to avoid the glare of the lamps.

"I beg your pardon, but those notes are not yours," he said, holding out his hand. Edward immediately gave up the money, considerably relieved at getting rid of it, whether to the rightful owner or to a stranger like himself he neither knew nor cared. Another act of dishonesty he could not contemplate; his whole soul revolted at the thought. On receiving the money the stranger ascended the steps and disappeared, while Edward, avoiding the small group following the body of the dead man, stepped into the shadow which the gaslights did not disturb.

What was he to do next?

The Hôtel de Paris, which offers every accommodation to the successful gambler, was no place for him, nor had he the self-possession to present himself anywhere. Degraded and dishonoured, he felt unworthy to mix with his fellows. All his blind reasoning and false excuses appeared in their true light. There was no more self-deception. The arm of the law could reach him, and he might be punished as a common felon. How false, how foolish, how utterly contemptible the ignoble arguments that had led him on to irretrievable ruin! How perverse to suppose that wrong-doing could set wrong-doing right! And what was now before him? The first time Mrs. Buxton opened her cash-box she would miss the note and make inquiries about it. Low as he had fallen, he could not tell a direct lie; and if he tried, his countenance would betray him. But, unhappily, the note did not represent all his delinquencies. Money entrusted to him to pay his pupil's tailor's bills and other expenses had found its way to Monaco. What was he to do? he asked himself, as he walked away from the scene of his crowning trouble. Many were hurrying down the short road leading from the Casino to the station, eager to catch the returning train. He envied the light footsteps and ringing voices of some who went by laughing. Either they were winners, indifferent to their small losses, or had come scathless out of the fight. A few cabs rattled down the carriage road; one man, running fast down the steep decline, passed him, calling to him to hasten, or he would be too late.

"Too late!" repeated Edward, bitterly. "Yes, it was too late, too late for everything, even for repentance!"

Too late! and What might have been! are the scorpions that chastise many a heart-broken child of Adam. They were now doing their work upon Edward by sinking him into utter despair.

The train having started before he came within reach of the station, he was glad to have his movements decided for him, and to have lost his opportunity of returning to Nice that night. Without any definite aim he turned his steps towards the sea-shore where the water lay dark and tranquil.

Around the palace-crowned height and under the old town walls the shadows lay thick. Shuddering at his own thoughts he strolled on, and slowly ascended the road leading to the summit.

An omnibus passed him with its freight from below, as well as two or three pedestrians, bound to the same place, *habitués* of the gaming-table, judging from a few words overheard as they passed.

Edward wondered if they had gained or lost, and wondered, also, why his lot was so hard that he could not bear it. Leaving the principal road for the shorter and steeper ascent, mechanically—for what mattered to him a few steps more or less of toil when the rest of life must be a burden?—he dragged himself up the ascent, and passing under the dark gateways, those gloomy reminders of feudal times, came upon the large platform. The palace was in shadow, all was still as the silent guns that pretended to guard it; but a few lights glimmered in the hotel opposite. The benches scattered about whereon the loiterers delight to rest in the daytime were deserted. Going farther he leaned over the parapet. A narrow strip of ground covered with plants, among which the red petals of the geranium were perceptible when the soft white rays of the moon fell upon them, intervened between him and the sea. He strolled on, overborne by his thoughts. It was difficult to realise now how that green board could have had allurements sufficient to override all other considerations. Every one said that the chances were against the player, and yet he had hoped to win.

"Fool! Idiot! Madman!" he exclaimed, striking his head with his clenched fist, while hot tears of unspeakable misery rolled down his cheeks. He thought of the grieving wife afraid to meet her husband, but what was her sorrow to his? She had at least a name to shelter her, and could not be cast off to utter ruin as he was. For what plans could he possibly make for the future—how shape his course, how walk again with head erect? Day by day, and night by night he must feel the stings of remorse, every morning as it dawned, every evening as it closed, always, henceforth, he must feel himself unfit to associate with honest men and women. No power that ever existed, no might of hand, no subtlety of mind, could efface the act that was crushing him with shame. For him the blessedness of life was gone for ever, its sunshine was overclouded, the shadow of crime would follow him all his days. How he hated the day when he was tempted to lay down his first piece of money in those haunts of vice and degradation, the day he ever visited that spot, regarding its fascinating loveliness as an earthly paradise—alas! a paradise that led to perdition! Life's fairest things are brief and transitory, not so sin, and the penalty it brings with it. A little weak yielding here, a trifling deviation from right there, the silencing of the still small voice because we do not like its tone, and the result—often a bruised spirit and a broken existence. Edward felt the more wretched because no sympathy could soothe his mind. Mona might grieve with him and for him, but she could only do so in part. She could not enter into his self-abasement, could not feel the bitterness of self-loathing and conscious guilt. Oh, for one moment of the past to be recalled—that in which he placed the note in his pocket instead of restoring it to Mrs. Buxton! He could have sobbed aloud to think of what he had been, and what he now was. And ever and again came the unanswered question, How was it to end—what was to become of him? Raising his eyes he saw before him across the mimic bay, formed by one of the numerous indentations of the coast, the small cemetery of the place. The dark

forms of a few cypress-trees stood in front like guardians of the tombs, and the white monuments glistened in the moonlight. Each one enclosed a human history. Were any as sad and sinful as his own? He heard steps behind him, and turning saw two figures walking up and down in conversation. They had come from the hotel which must then still be open although the night was advanced. The lights at the Casino were out, only the lamps along the road were burning. The two men walking about brought his thoughts to something practical, he must have a lodging for the night, afterwards he would decide what to do. Perhaps there might yet be room for repentance—he might confess his sin and be forgiven, or get Mona to do it for him. It is true his future life was blighted, but was there no nook where he might be concealed or no work he could do, however low in the social scale, by which he might prove his penitence?

On presenting himself at the hotel, his gentleman-like appearance secured him a good reception, although he had the disadvantage of not being accompanied by baggage. There was some hesitation about his room.

"For one night only, or for several?" asked the director.

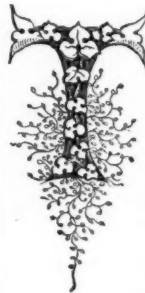
"For one," Edward answered at random.

"Then conduct the gentleman to number four."

The young man soon found himself introduced into a comfortable apartment, which he accepted without comment, too absorbed at the moment to remember that he was adding to expenses already sufficiently accumulated.

FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."



HE clover is one of the plants that lays claim to be the shamrock of St. Patrick. This, however, is by no means a settled point, as the plant that has been for many years recognised in Ireland as the true shamrock is the black nonsuch (*Medicago lupulina*). Some writers advocate the claims of the wood-sorrel to this honour, while Mr. J. Hardy, in the "Border Magazine," has shown that the plant intended by the writers in Queen Elizabeth's reign was the watercress. Reverting, however, to the clover; it has always been much used in divination, not only in this country but abroad. Thus, in Bohemia,* if a maiden manages to put into the shoe of her lover without his knowledge a piece of clover when he is going on any journey, he will be safe to return to her. In the Tyrol the lover puts it under his pillow, to dream of his beloved. In the vicinity of Attenburg there is a superstition that if a farmer takes home with him a handful of clover from the four corners of his neighbour's field, it will go well with his cattle during the year. In Scotland a particular virtue is supposed to

* "Fraser's Magazine," December, 1876, p. 717.

rest with the possessor of a piece of four-bladed clover, of knowing when any one is practising witchcraft on him. In the Tyrol it is said that on Christmas-eve any one who has this charm may see witches. It must be remembered that the wonderful powers of four-leaved clover are said to arise from its cross-like form. A piece of clover with only two leaves, or "a clover of two," as it is called, is used in Cambridge-shire by young people who desire to know to whom they are to be wedded—

"A clover, a clover of two;
Put it in your right shoe.
The first young man (woman) you meet,
In field, street, or lane,
You'll get him (her) or one of his (her) name."

In floral language clover is symbolical of fertility. In Buenos Ayres it grows to such a height that "men and cattle cannot see each other while passing through a plain covered with its flowers." Clover contracts its leaves at the approach of a storm, and, according to an old writer, "against stormy and tempestuous weather will seem rough, and the leaves of it stare and rise up, as if it were afraid of an assault." An old Welsh proverb says:—

"Three things let no one trust such as shall dislike them,—
The scent of trefoils, the taste of milk, and the song of birds."

One of the prettiest flowers that grows in our woods is the wood-sorrel. Its delicate little white flowers, with their delicate purplish veins, are called by the Welsh "fairy bells," and are believed to ring the merry peals which call the elves to "moonlight dance and revelry."* It was generally called in this country Hallelujah, because it blossomed between Easter and Whitsuntide, the season at which the Psalms were sung which end with that word, namely, from the 113th to the 117th inclusive.† It bears the same name in German, French, Italian, and Spanish. It has various other nicknames, such as cuckoo's bread, gowk meat, hearts (from the shape of the leaflet), and wood-sower. This plant abounds in acid juice, and the salt prepared from it under the name of "Salt of sorrel," is used to remove iron-moulds from linen.

The daffodil is another plant that is always in much request. It was the favourite flower of our ancestors, and of all English poets, from the time of Shakespeare to the present day. Most readers are, no doubt, acquainted with Keats's well-known and charming lines:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness. . . .
. . . . In spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in."

It is known under the various names of narcissus, daffodownilly, and jonquil. In Cornwall it is called the Lent lily, and in some places it goes by the name of the crow-bell. It

derives its name of narcissus from being supposed to be the same as the plant mentioned by the Greeks and Romans. The narcissus was dedicated to the fairies, who stupefied their victims; hence Sophocles, in his "Œdipus at Colonus," calls these flowers "garlands of the infernal gods." Ovid represents this plant as having been named after a youth who pined away because he fell in love with his own image reflected in a pool of water—an instance, as Dr. Prior remarks, of a legend written to a name, for we know how Proserpine was gathering narcissi long before that youth was born. The term jonquil comes corrupted through the French from "juncifolius," or rush-leaf, and daffodil is probably nothing more than the old English name "affodile," which signifies, "that which cometh early." Daffadownilly is regarded by Dr. Prior as a corruption of saffron lily. The daffodil is not without its superstitions. Thus, in many places, it is considered unlucky to bring in the first daffodil of the year. The following is from the "Western Times":—"My friend had been out for a walk in a meadow near the Teign; along the banks the daffodils were very abundant, one of which he picked, and on his arrival home he placed it on the table. Soon after, a servant came into the room and saw the flower, when she at once exclaimed, 'Who brought in this daffodil? We shall have no luck this year.'" The following couplet connects the daffodil with Lady-day:—

"Then comes the daffodil beside
Our ladies' smock at our lady tide."

The tulip, which is much grown for its brilliant colours, was brought from the Levant to Augsburg by Conrad Gesner in the year 1559. The French formerly called it tulipan, from the Persian *thoulyban*, the word in Persian for turban. About two hundred years ago a great tulip mania prevailed in Holland, and at that time the tulip fetched enormous prices. A bulb connoisseur to procure one root of the "Semper Augustus," which was considered most choice, offered as much as 4,600 florins, with a beautiful carriage, horses, and equipments. On the banks of the Bosphorus, says Miss Pirie, the tulip is "the emblem of inconstancy, but in the general floral language it is the symbol of most violent love. A species of tulip adorns the fields of Byzantium; it has crimson petals and a golden heart. The petals are compared to fire, and the yellow heart to brimstone, and when presented by an admiring swain to his lady-love, it is supposed to declare that such is the effect of her beauty, that if he sees her only for a moment, his face will be as fire, and his heart reduced to a coal."

Perhaps one of the most beautiful sights in early springtime is the wild hyacinth, when its lovely blue flowers clothe, as with a mantle, our fields and woods, and shed abroad that sweet and delicate scent which no hand of man can imitate. Truly did Elliott sing of this lovely flower—

"Shade-loving hyacinth! thou comest again,
And thy rich odours seem to swell the flow
Of the lark's song, the redbreast's lonely strain,
And the stream's tune—best sung where wild flowers blow,
And ever sweetest where the sweetest grow."

It is sometimes called the harebell, or bluebell, but it must be remembered that this plant is quite distinct from the *Campanula rotundifolia*, the true blue-

* Mrs. Lankester's "Wild Flowers," p. 47.

† Prior's "Popular Names of British Plants," p. 190.

bell of Scotland. Our hyacinth is not the true hyacinth of the Greeks, for that is supposed to have been a species of lily, which, according to legend, sprang from the blood of the beautiful boy Hyacinthus, whom Apollo unfortunately killed. Schubert, speaking of the border of the Lake of Gennesaret, tells us that whoever desires views really extensive and beautiful, and lilies, tulips, and hyacinths, must, in the spring season, visit this district. The harebell of Shakespeare, says Mr. Ellacombe,* is undoubtedly the wild hyacinth—

"Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins."

(*Cymbeline*, Act iv. sc. 2.)

The common purple iris which adorns our gardens is the fleur-de-luce, a corruption of fleur de Louis. It is now generally spelt either fleur-de-lys or fleur-de-lis. It derives its name from Louis VII, king of France, who chose this flower as his heraldic emblem when setting forth on his crusade to the Holy Land. It had already been used by the other French kings, and by the Emperors of Constantinople, but it is still a matter of dispute among antiquarians as to what it was originally intended to represent. Some say a flower, some a toad, some a halbert-head.† Some doubt, too, exists as to what plant is referred to by Shakespeare when he alludes to the flower-de-luce. Thus in *Second Henry VI.* (Act v. sc. 1) he says—

"A sceptre will I have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France."

Some think the lily is meant, others the iris. Chaucer seems to connect it with the lily—

"Her neck was white as the flour-de-lis."

The fleur-de-lis was not in former times confined to royalty as a badge. Thus in the Square of La Pucelle, in Rouen, there is a statue of Jeanne d'Arc with fleur-de-lys sculptured upon it, and an inscription as follows:

"The maiden's sword protects the royal crown;
Beneath the maiden's sword the lilies safely blow."

St. Louis conferred upon the Chateaubriands the device of a fleur-de-lis, and the motto, "Mon sang teint les bannières de France." When Edward III claimed the crown of France, in the year 1340, he quartered the lions of England with the ancient shield of France. It disappeared, however, from the English shield in the first year of the present century. A common English name for the iris is the "Roast-beef plant," because its leaves, when bruised, yield a very disagreeable smell, which some curiously have compared to roast beef. The iris is supposed to have been named after Juno's attendant, because its colours are not unlike those bestowed on the messenger of that goddess by poets and mythological writers. Iris is generally represented as descending from a rainbow. Thus Virgil says:

"Iris on saffron wings arrayed with dew
Of various colours, through the sunbeams flew."

Before leaving our notice of this interesting plant, we would mention that in ancient times it was considered sacred to the Virgin Mary, as illustrated in the following old legend: A certain knight, who was not gifted with a very good memory, could never retain in his mind more than two words of a prayer to the Virgin Mary, which were *Ave Maria*. These, both night and day, he was continually uttering, until at last he died, and was buried in the chapel-yard of the convent. As a proof of the good intention of his prayer a plant of fleur-de-lis sprang up on his grave, displaying on every flower in golden letters the words *Ave Maria*. The monks, moved with curiosity at this strange sight, determined to open his grave, and there, much to their astonishment, they found the root of the plant resting on the lips of the dead knight, as his body lay mouldering in the dust.

The lady's smock is so-called from the resemblance of its white flowers to little smocks hung out to dry. Shakespeare, in his "*Love's Labour Lost*" (Act v. sc. 2), says:—

"When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady's smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks."

According to another explanation, the lady-smock is a corruption of "Our Lady's smock," so called from its first flowering about Lady-tide. This plant has also been called cuckoo-flower, because, as Gerard says, it "flowers in April and May, when the cuckoo doth begin to sing her pleasant notes without stammering."

HANSTEEN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA.

V.—RESIDENCE AT IRKUTSK.

I INTENDED to proceed by the Angara and the Jenisei as far as Turuchansk, in order to extend magnetic observations as far as possible towards the north; but these rivers not being navigable before the end of May, I was obliged to remain four months at Irkutsk, whilst Due, my companion, made an excursion along the Lena as far as Jakutsk and Vilensk. During this period I was overwhelmed with kindness by the Governor-General Lavinsky, and also by the Mouravieff family. I told them that I should regard Irkutsk as my second home, and that their amiability would so spoil me that I should feel quite solitary and abandoned during the remainder of my journey.

On the road between Krasnoïarsk and Irkutsk we had met General Lavinsky, with his daughter Eliza. He was on a tour of inspection, and on our return from the Chinese frontier we found him at Irkutsk. He was a handsome, intellectual man, about forty years old, and had gained a reputation for the strictest probity in all his dealings. He was a large landed proprietor at Simphéropol, in the Crimea, and, as a public functionary, had displayed rare disinterestedness, which had gained him general esteem. He was liked, too, for his cordiality, a quality not very common among Russian officials. He received me with great urbanity, and said there would always

* "Plant Lore," p. 83.

† See "Notes and Queries," 29th March, 1850.

be a place for me at his table. The dinner was ready every day at twelve o'clock, but this hour accorded but ill with the scientific observations I wished to make; therefore I seldom took advantage of his hospitality; and he complained of this to Mouravieff, to whose house I more frequently repaired. Every opportunity of showing me kindness was taken advantage of by the good general. He made me a present of two "glaskaraflers" (beer-glasses), bearing the inscription, "A memento of Telma" (a glass manufactory he had himself established at that village, which is only one day's journey from Irkutsk); also a chest, formed of the Siberian plane-tree, which contained twelve divisions, filled with polished agates, amethysts, beryls, white topazes; and a collection of Chinese dried fruits, a present from his daughter to my wife.

Colonel Alexander Mouravieff, of the Russian Guards, had already taken part in several engagements against Napoleon before reaching his twenty-sixth year, and was rewarded by the emperor with the gift of a dress-sword, with a gold hilt, bearing the inscription "Sa charbrosti" (for valour), and various orders of merit. Having traversed a great part of France and Germany during his campaigns, he obtained an insight into the political organisation of European states, and, possessed of an enthusiastic character, had imbibed with avidity the idea of constitutional reforms. On his return to St. Petersburg many young men of high family assembled round the young enthusiast. A society was formed, which increased daily, and included some of the highest aristocracy. When they met they discussed the constitution of states, but no plan to realise opinions so new to their country was proposed. Mouravieff did not fail to see clearly that Russia was not yet in a condition for such views to be carried out, and, dissatisfied with the turn affairs were taking, he sent them in his resignation, advising the other members to dissolve an association which could only lead to their misery, and that of their country, if they should endeavour to put their theories into execution. He then retired to his property at Botovo, near Moscow, where he lived tranquilly, ameliorating the condition of his peasants. He married the Princess Praskovia Shakovskoi, daughter of the Kniaz or Prince Shakovskoi, whose ancestors had formerly possessed three principalities, Novgorod, Vladimir, and a third, the name of which I do not remember, but of which the family bear the arms on their escutcheon. Mouravieff lived a long time as a private gentleman, contented with his lot, occupied in serious studies, especially with natural sciences, and in such complete retirement from the world that a friend who came to see him wandered round and round his house without being able to find the entrance, the grass having so overgrown the path which led up to it. At length, perceiving Mouravieff in the garden, he called out, "Pray inform me how I can get into this house? I cannot find the entrance."

After the death of the Emperor Alexander, his brother, Nicholas, ascended the throne, when an insurrection broke out, at the head of which was the society just mentioned, demanding a constitution. The emperor subdued the revolt by arresting its principal promoters; several were condemned to death; others were exiled to the mines of Nertschinsk; some, who were less compromised, were banished, but without the aggravation of hard labour and chains, to the more or less desert parts of

Siberia, such as Beresov, situated on the Obi; Jeniseisk, near the Jenisei; and Vilmisk, near the Lena. Some of the noblest families of Russia were profoundly afflicted—fathers, husbands, sons, went forth to people Siberia. Apostol Mouravieff, the cousin of my host, was hanged; one of his brothers was met by M. Due at Vilmisk, a little village of Jakutes, in a wild district, where he lived the life of a hermit in a "yourte," which is scarcely better than the hut of a Finn or a Laplander. Later we met him at Bukhtarminsk, a place of exile more to the south, a small Russian village on the frontiers of China.

Some of Colonel Mouravieff's friends had advised his taking flight immediately all this occurred; but not having kept up any communication with the society for the last eight years, he relied on his perfect innocence of all intrigues. However, one morning, at seven o'clock, a chasseur arrived from St. Petersburg, and placed him in his "kibitska" to conduct him to the capital, without even permitting him to take leave of his wife. Arrived in the citadel of St. Petersburg, he was confined in a tower, dimly lighted by an aperture in the wall, above the height of a man. There he remained eight months. His unhappy wife, alarmed, knew nothing precisely regarding his fate, although she guessed it, and in all haste departed for St. Petersburg, where she learned the sad truth. Colonel and Madame Mouravieff received permission to write to each other. At first their letters were sent to the commandant, who was ordered to satisfy himself previously as to their contents. Madame Mouravieff allowed me to see some of the poor prisoner's letters. The colonel was prepared to die. Every day at an hour agreed upon this faithful wife passed under the aperture which gave light to her husband's dungeon; and though they could not behold one another, they had still the sad consolation of being near each other. The insurgents' papers were examined, and, fortunately for the colonel, a letter from him was found, in which he had declared his opinion that the projects and aims of the society were impossible to put into execution, and counselled its members to separate. The emperor expressed his regret that he could not pardon him; it was necessary, he thought, to make an example of him. He was reproached for having belonged to a society of such principles, and a decree banished him to Vilmisk. Madame Mouravieff described to me the impression it made on her when the prison door was opened, and she found her husband in a black and loathsome den. What a change did she perceive! No longer she beheld the robust and energetic young man she had last seen; now, with haggard looks, long beard, and miserably clad, as he languidly extended his arms, how much courage did it require to restrain her feelings, and refrain from expressing to him the anguish of her soul!

From the moment that a Russian is exiled to Siberia he is considered as civilly dead. His wife may marry whom she pleases; she, or other heirs, may take possession of his money and his estates; but the Russian ladies, wives of the conspirators, acted quite differently on this occasion. Madame Mouravieff solicited permission from the emperor to accompany her husband, and two of his sisters-in-law proceeded with them. Their example is constantly followed by Russian ladies of the highest rank. The emperor was besieged with applications from Russian ladies to be allowed to share the fate of their husbands exiled to Nertschinsk. These traits of heroic

devotion excited the strongest feelings of admiration. Thus were the noblest families of Russia transported to these terrible countries, where, if the husband be kept in confinement, the wife either shares it with him or goes daily to see him. The most refined classes thus found themselves represented, as it were, in the midst of these dreary wastes. Extensive libraries, and all that appertains to the requirements of an educated mind, were removed there, and were placed



A BURETE.

side by side with the chains and fetters of slaves. In the neighbourhood of Irkutsk, Mouravieff was overtaken by a courier, who gave him orders to take up his residence at Irkutsk. He arrived in the town late in the evening. He hoped the next morning to receive the announcement of a place of exile still farther to the south, and he entreated the civil governor, Zeidler, to permit him to remain there during the night to await the arrival of the post; but the functionary did not dare grant him this favour, and he was forced immediately to continue his journey. It was in the very dead of winter, and on the steep banks of the Lena; the sledge was upset every moment in the deep-lying snow, and they were obliged to walk for fear of falling into the river. The delicate Madame Mouravieff carried her young child in her arms. The third day they were overtaken by a second courier, who brought them permission to live at Verchne-Udinsk. There only was Mouravieff relieved from the presence of the chasseur, who during the whole journey had not quitted him for a moment, sleeping

even by his side. "The day after our arrival," he said, "I took a walk in the town. It was a fine winter's day, and I experienced an indescribable joy to be able to go where I pleased. At every street corner, however, I looked back to see whether my guard was not following me. No one can imagine of what inexpressible value liberty is but those who have for some time been deprived of it." At the expiration of the year he was made prefect of police at Irkutsk ("gorodnitschi"), and he had, when I saw him, filled that appointment for a year. By special favour his property had not been confiscated. He was allowed to keep his title of nobility and his decorations, whilst the other poor exiles were despoiled of all they possessed, and were considered degraded to the level of peasants. Mouravieff's letters had been opened and read at the office at Irkutsk. He told me that an additional favour had now been granted him, that his correspondence henceforward would not be subject to supervision.

During my stay at Irkutsk three exiled nobles passed through that town; they were Count Tschernischeff, Prince Valerian Galitzin, and Prince Vladimir Tolstoi. They remained there a day, and



BURETE WOMAN.

came to see Mouravieff, who called them his children; they were persons of the highest distinction. Tolstoi was sent as a private soldier to Astrakan, and by special favour allowed to occupy the barracks amongst Russian soldiers. The young exiled poet, Marlinski, whose acquaintance Due had made at Irkutsk, was placed in the ranks in the engagement

against the Circassians, and fell in an ambuscade. His head cut off served as a trophy to this savage people.

Mouravieff had arranged with the widow of a merchant, named Sibiriakova, to furnish me with a boat, with a captain and eight men, to convey me from Irkutsk by the River Angara to Jeniseisk. At this place an order had been dispatched that a vessel should be constructed to navigate the River Jenisei as far as Turuchansk and return to Jeniseisk. On the 23rd May the boat was awaiting me on the Angara. Mouravieff had sent directions that my voyage should be facilitated in every possible manner, "to prove," he said in his letter, "that one knows in Siberia how to render homage to scientific persons." Madame

barrels and bales of goods. They evidently had the intention of accompanying me until some place could be reached where, at mart or fair, they could dispose of their merchandise. There was also a Jew from Poland, but lately domiciled at Krasnoïarsk, whither he was returning. At first it was proposed that he should sail but a short distance with us, but this was probably only a pretext to install himself in the boat, in the hope that during its progress he might be allowed to continue his voyage. On arriving on board I remarked to Mouravieff that these gentry ought to have asked my permission to take places in it; and knowing the continual chattering of Russians of the lower classes, I foresaw that they would share the accommodation, not only at my expense, but at the



ON THE RIVER ANGARA.

Mouravieff loaded me with all sorts of provisions, and her husband insisted on my accepting a silver goblet, on which his arms were engraven, and two "parkas," or pelisses, one composed of lamb-skins, of which more than a hundred are required for a pelisse. In cold, windy weather it was very serviceable to me, being not only very warm but very light. The governor-general sent me, as a parting present, a large barrel of beer.

On the 23rd May I took my "henckars mahlzeit" (the last meal a criminal takes before his execution) at Mouravieff's, and in the evening I went on board the vessel, which bore a name of good augury, "Debroie Namérenic" (the good enterprise), accompanied by the botanist Turtshanimoff, by Dr. Kruhse, the captain engineer De Wolff (nephew of Lavinsky), and by Filakeff, his secretary. Although I had freighted the bark for a sum of one hundred roubles, for myself only, as far as Jeniseisk, several persons, in spite of this, had managed to smuggle themselves into it. There were two rough-bearded merchants, with a little boy and a great number of

loss of my comfort and of my rest at night. Upon this the colonel called the captain, Popov, the merchants, and two Cossacks, whom he had made over to my service, and addressed them in the following edifying manner: "The first amongst you—intruders that ye are—who by your chattering, or in any other way, shall trouble the professor in his scientific studies or occupations, or shall disturb his sleep, will be put out of the boat by these Cossacks, and will have to return on foot to Irkutsk, or elsewhere. Do you understand me?" The captain and one of the merchants replied by the habitual phrase, "Ostshen-charascho vascho vysoko-blegorodie" (Very well, your reverence). To the Jew he said, in German, "Listen, Schmuel, if you trouble the professor he will fasten a cord round your neck, and throw you into the river!" The Jew, a tall, emaciated man, placed at the bottom of the boat, looked at me with such a supplicating glance that I promised myself he should be better treated than the threat implied. I fulfilled the promise, and had no reason to be dissatisfied.

VI.—VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER ANGARA.

THE boat was neither very comfortable nor commodious in its arrangements. A cabin with a roof sloping down on both sides admitted light from a small window; there was a table securely fastened down, and a chair; and a britska taken off its wheels served for my bed. A Norwegian baggage *fourgon* contained my scientific instruments. When it became necessary to use the oars, four very long ones could be worked in front of the cabin. By way of helm, or rudder, an immense paddle was directed by the captain and one of the crew. In difficult places it required four or six men to manage this steering gear; another paddle, the same length as that at the stern, was generally employed to turn the bark more rapidly.

Behold us then gliding slowly with the current, without either sails or oars! The scenery was flat until we arrived at the manufactory of Telma, where, a storm coming on from the S.E., obliged us to stay from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m. by the left bank of the river. I perceived some "yourtes" (or huts) belonging to Buretes, who were very scantily clothed, although the cold was so intense that I had donned my Tungusian "parka." The next morning, at four o'clock, we arrived at the village of Balagansk, where I was relieved from my two merchants and their bales of goods, which allowed me more space. The next evening we touched at Jandinskoi-Volost. The mayor having asked for my papers, I had to send the open letter of the Governor-General Lavinsky; but my servant came back with the intelligence that the mayor and his scribe were so hopelessly inebriated, it would be impossible for them to read a single line until the next morning! Many messages having proved unavailing, and my Jew, who had offered his services, not having succeeded, I declared to the mayor that I would make a complaint to the governor. This menace produced its effect. The two functionaries, stumbling about, managed to come on board, distracting me with their questions in the midst of my observations; but at last the letter was returned to me duly signed. Notwithstanding the heat during the day, the nights were so intensely cold that in the morning the vessel's sides were covered with frost.

Siberia is an immense sloping plain, which extends from the Chinese frontier towards the north to the borders of the Frozen Sea, where it terminates in marshes. Nearly all its rivers, therefore, have a northerly direction. Near Irkutsk the surface of the soil is about 1,100 feet above the sea level. Near Kiachta it is 1,000 feet, as far as I could ascertain, after eight barometrical observations. After crossing the Chinese frontier, you stand on the Great Mongolian plain, of about 2,000 feet elevation, until within a distance of forty miles of Pekin, where it descends abruptly to the sea. During winter, hundreds of camels cross these mountain deserts, loaded with enormous chests of tea and silk stuffs for the market of Maimaichin.

The interval which separates Irkutsk from the mouth of the River Jenisei extends more than a thousand miles. The Angara falls into the Jenisei; and the land between Irkutsk to the Frozen Sea has seldom more than an inclination of a few feet per mile. The course of these rivers, consequently, is not rapid; only where they are hemmed in between steep rocky walls, they rush on suddenly, and thus, in certain localities, form cataracts. The Angara

follows a sinuous course, and makes many *détours* before it falls into the Jenisei near Jeniseisk. Ten cataracts of varying volume and height are encountered before reaching the Tungusian district, some of which are rather dangerous.

The preparations for descending a cataract were invested with a certain solemnity. When near enough to hear the roaring of the water, and to see the foaming turbulence of the waves, the captain of the boat, placed close to the helm, or to the large oar, called out "Sadites!" (Be seated!), and the crew took in their oars. Then he cried "Molite Bogu" (Pray to God), upon which his men turned to an image which was nailed close by the carriage. They made the sign of the cross, reverentially bowing their heads. The captain offered up a short prayer with a loud voice, the oars were then quickly seized. He commanded "Grebite-silno" (Row strongly), and they rowed with all their might. Then followed the supreme moment of expectation. The nearer one approached the danger, the more intense the anxiety. The pilot took his place on the prow, grasping a white handkerchief in his hand, which he used to make signals to the captain on the poop, either by holding it above his head, which signified quite straight, or waving it energetically from right to left, it being impossible amidst the conflict of the raging waters to hear any word of command. Four men were at the poop; and if the fall were dangerous, two additional men were placed on the prow with an oar, so that the boat should be under strong control at the decisive moment. Every possible effort was made to keep the keel of the vessel in the same direction as the water flowed. If the vessel chanced to lie obliquely across the current, all would be lost. Now we encountered the shock of the first waves. All the oars were taken in, the tumult of the waters became more and more deafening, every muscle was strained to the utmost stretch, in obedience to the directions of the pilot, who gave the order to keep to the right, to the left. The captain cried "Silno, silno!" (Strongly, strongly!), if the boat did not turn quickly enough. At last the water became smoother, the pilot descended from the prow, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and, radiant with satisfaction, came aft, exclaiming to the first passenger, "Ia vas posdravlain vasche vysoko-blegorodie" (I felicitate your lordship). Then he addressed his compliments to the captain, who still kept his place. On every side one heard the cry, "Slava teba Boga!" (God be praised!). Lips firmly pressed together with trepidation and fear, were now parted; gaiety and laughter resounded.

The passage of these porogs, or rapids, is not necessarily dangerous, provided there be sufficient depth of water and no rocks obstruct the channel. At early dawn I sent one of my Cossacks to a village with the governor-general's open letter, to request eight more men to assist our crew. When they came on board we continued our voyage. At nine we passed Pochmelie, and an hour later Pianoi, with the same ceremonies and demonstrations I have just related. From hereabouts the country was very picturesque: on each side of the river were almost perpendicular rocks, their summits clothed with noble pine-trees. It surprises me that no English tourist has yet made an excursion along the Angara. Switzerland has been over-run with travellers, and the difficulties of Mont Blanc rendered familiar. The cataracts of Norway are often visited, and salmon

caught in its streams. The period is not far distant, perhaps, when Englishmen, weary of their foggy isle, will take the road leading to the porogs of Angara.

I dismissed the pilot at Tantakunská, giving him five roubles. He had a black mask of horsehair, to protect his face from the flies, and a little later I learned how indispensably necessary these masks were. During the night we halted at the village of Judorma, at the mouth of the river of the same name, and on the frontier of the Tungusian country. The next day we beheld a grand and awful sight, the conflagration of a forest. The smoke formed a dense cloud reaching to the zenith, overpowering the light of day. Anon the sun's rays pierced through the heavy shroud, throwing a golden tinge here and there on the landscape and on the waves.

We passed the evening at Selo-Keschemy, seeking refuge there from a violent storm, and now began to find our horsehair masks of great use. One can neither eat nor sleep here during summer without this precaution, for small white gnats of extreme voracity attack your mouth and nostrils, your face and hands. Even the parts of your body covered with clothes are so bitten that a kind of fever is the result. The peasants even wear masks. At the moment of departure we encountered a storm of thunder and lightning, with such a violent torrent of rain, that the mats were torn away from the cabin, and my books and papers were soaked through. We soon traversed a cataract in the midst of the rain, and an hour later another one, and at ten o'clock arrived at a porog, the passage of which occupied us till mid-day. During our course we perceived lofty mountains stretching far away, and nearer were hills covered with the tender green foliage of young trees, refreshed by the rain of the preceding day. At noon we passed the village of Kova, and in the afternoon several more rapids. The declivity at this part must, therefore, be considerable.

On the following day we were about proceeding on our voyage, when a deputation, composed of seven individuals, arrived, with a woman as their chief, each bringing an offering. The first presented a bowl containing fresh eggs, the second a dish of pike, the third some beech-tree bark with a large slice of sturgeon, one a pot of cream, another three fresh loaves, and so on. They conveyed to me the compliments of the entire village, and begged I would not refuse their gifts. I invited them on board, and regaled them with brandy. Before putting the glass to their lips, each individual made the sign of the cross, and prayed that God would grant me a happy voyage without accidents. I offered them five roubles, but they all exclaimed "Niet Batuschka! Oh little father! we do not accept money; it is an honour for us when a man of your attainments will condescend to receive a present from our village." A troop of merry boys, with their white Sunday trousers tucked up to their knees, entered the water, and with their little shoulders exerted all their strength to get our bark afloat. They remained a long time gazing after us, and we bade them farewell, waving our hats above our heads. In the evening another storm of wind, and the captain was obliged to make for a small village, whence two women issued, and wading through the water as high as their waists, brought us some wooden stands, or supports, on which planks were to be placed, to serve as a bridge, should we wish to land. An ancient dame, followed by some children, came also to offer us fish and eggs.

I was awakened at two o'clock the next morning by the turmoil the crew made getting the vessel under weigh; two hours later we prepared to descend a porog beneath one of the perpendicular rocks on the left bank. Just on that spot there were large masses of solid snow on even ground, shaded by trees and by projections of the rock from the sun, which would have melted them. In the afternoon we arrived at the mouth of the River Kámen, which flows from the north. On its banks, elevated like the wall of a fortress, the village Kámen appears. In the evening I took an observation in the hamlet of Potaskoiskaja, after which we continued our course.

On the 17th June, about noon, a beautiful stone church, with shining metal cupola, attracted our notice near Rybinskoi-Seló; but we were soon overtaken by a tempest of hail, accompanied by vivid lightning. In the midst of the alarming peals of thunder the crew turned towards the obras, making the sign of the cross, ejaculating prayers for protection. Our bark lay sheltered by a high rock to the left of the river, a verst distant from the mouth of the Bielaia. The wind continued to howl all night in fitful gusts.

The following morning I ascended the mountain to survey the surrounding country; the water was still troubled. In the afternoon we sailed onwards, and on the 19th we entered the River Jenisei, whose grey waters may be seen mingling with the limpid waters of the Verchne Tunguska. In the evening we arrived at Jeniseisk. I was conducted to a very pretty lodging in the Street of Cedars ("Kedrovaia Ulitiza") by two officers ("Tschastuyi-Pristav"), one of whom was already in attendance on the arrival of our boat. Every day they paid me a visit to inquire whether I was in want of anything. The next morning I called on the prefect of the town; at noon received a visit from the military doctor, Alexai Sadikoff; and in the evening took a most agreeable walk on the banks of the Jenisei. By the kindness of the governor-general, a "lodka" (boat) had been got ready for me of a certain Mastschanim, a boat-builder, who owned vessels sailing between Jeniseisk and Turuchansk. He had undertaken to conduct me there and to bring me back for three hundred roubles. The boat had just been completed, and already floated gaily on the river, awaiting me. On the 23rd I dismissed my Cossacks of Irkutsk, who, instead of keeping guard over my cabin whilst I landed to take an observation, had themselves plundered it of several articles. I gave them twenty roubles and a severe admonition. At noon I received a visit from the mayor and the military surgeon. Hardly had they left than two nuns entered, dressed in black, carrying a metal plate covered with white cloth bordered with fringe, and made the sign of the cross before the obras. This ceremony gone through, they presented me the compliments of the Igumena (abbess), and begged me to accept a plateful of excellent biscuits. I endeavoured, in the best way I could, to evince my gratitude.

The dinner at the mayor's the following day was remarkable for a singular mixture of bad Russian and bad Latin; the doctor and I being obliged to resort to the latter language every time that I did not comprehend what was said in Russian, or could not well express myself in that language. On the third day after my arrival I went on board the lodka; the mayor and the doctor kindly accompanying me there, took leave of me.



SOME CURIOSITIES OF SMUGGLING.

THE trade of smuggling, so long a thriving one, has now long ceased to be a paying business. With the exceptions of tobacco, the duty on which is some three or four times its normal value, and of lace, which has such irresistible charms for a certain class of travelling females, there are few of the articles of commerce which it is worth the while of the capitalist to run the risk of importing clandestinely, and thus to avoid paying duty on them. Though smuggling by individuals is still practised, and will continue to be so as long as there are men, or women either, who prefer personal gain to considerations of morality, we may fairly conclude that the class of contrabandists by profession is pretty nearly, if not quite, extinct in this country. The causes of the decline, which has been by no means a rapid one, of the smuggling trade, are not far to seek. In the first place, the heavy, almost prohibitive, duties on the importation of certain articles, have been so far modified by commercial treaties, or relaxed for politico-economical reasons, that they are no longer worth the risk and the labour of smuggling. In the second place, numbers of articles which used to be smuggled from abroad are at the present time manufactured at home, and that with such skill as to rival the productions of the Continent even at a lower cost. And, in the third place, the Preventive Service is now so well organised and managed, can boast such an efficient class of men, and so completely commands all the practicable coasts of our island, that the chances of the contrabandist's escape from their unceasing vigilance are reduced almost to *nil*. There is not a vessel of any description, not a boat—hardly a plank—which approaches our shores in the day-time, which is not scrutinised by a score of sharp eyes looking through excellent telescopes long before it can touch the land; while at night the patrol are too numerous, and too well disciplined to act in concert when necessary, to afford many opportunities to the *soi-disant* free-trader.

But it was not always so. In the days of our early boyhood, when "George the Third was King"—and even later than that—the smuggler drove a thriving trade, not, indeed, assuming that bold, reckless, and defiant attitude which it is the delight of certain romancists to glorify, but rather with a mixture of cunning, dissimulation, and daring which we may conclude to have been always his chief characteristics. It may not be altogether useless, and it will hardly be uninteresting to the reader, if we jot down briefly a few incidents of the contraband trade which occurred some half-century back, and some few of which we happened to witness.

While residing at Dover in the year 1825, I was aroused from my sleep one very foggy morning, about the last week in October, by the thundering discharge of cannon on the heights, a discharge which set the windows rattling and literally shook the bed on which I lay, and which had scarcely ceased when it was responded to by a like explosion of booming thunder from the castle. All the town was suddenly startled into activity by the noise, and in a few minutes half of the lately-sleeping towns-

men were in the streets, inquiring of each other the cause of the uproar. We soon learned the news, which was to the effect that the Duke of Wellington had arrived in the town, after travelling post all night; that he was on his way to Russia, as ambassador to the Russian court, one among the numerous delegates from the different sovereigns of Europe dispatched to do honour to the new Emperor Nicholas, who had just acceded to the throne of the Czars. For all I know (for I am not clear as to the fact at this distance of time), the great duke was then on his way to assist at the august ceremony of the new emperor's coronation. Of course, everybody wanted to get a sight of the great duke, and there was no small commotion in the town, and racing and chasing hither and thither, and interested inquiries as to when and in what vessel he would embark. When he left, in the little steamer (the *Margaret* I think it was called) which then ran daily between Dover and Calais, it was near three o'clock, and then another plentiful discharge of cannon announced his departure. All the world and his wife went, as a matter of course, to see what was to be seen, which was not very much, the duke and his escort, as soon as the tide served, simply walking from the hotel to the harbour, and taking ship like ordinary mortals. How he was gazed on from all points of vantage—from the thronged piers, from the crowded shore, from the masts and yards of vessels, from the house-tops and the crests of the nearest cliffs—are details which the reader may easily imagine for himself. The sea rippled pleasantly under a light breeze, and though the long rollers that swept up the Channel with the inflowing tide made a plaything of the little steamboat, she yet made rapid headway, and in the space of a brief half hour little was seen of her save a long horizontal line of dense black smoke ruled like a bar across the grey October sky.

But what had the great duke's sudden advent and departure to do with smuggling? asks the reader. Well, it had certainly something to do with it; for on that same day, not long after sunset, it came to pass that hollands and schnapps, and spirits of sundry denominations unknown to me then (and I am not much wiser in that respect now), were to be had at "unprecedentedly low prices" in Dover and the neighbourhood. For you see the great duke, incarnation of loyalty as he always was, had been all unwittingly an accomplice of the smugglers. All unknown to the watchers on the coast, a lively little craft, known among her admirers as the *Dodger*, had been cruising on and off the shore for several days, waiting for a favourable opportunity, and continually on the look out for a little column of smoke that should curl up from a certain quarter as a sign that the coast was clear. Amidst the thunder of cannon and the shouts of the people, and the rushing this way and that of the sight-seers, that little column of smoke had gone up, unobserved by landmen, from some nook in the neighbourhood, and the lively *Dodger* had run in at some favourable spot—had, by the aid of a swarm of active accomplices, succeeded in landing her cargo in double-quick time, and had

decamped as quietly and quickly as she came; the authorities, who should have defeated this enterprise, knowing nothing at all about it until hours after it had been successfully carried out.

I was then but a lad. Having been brought up in an inland town, the subject of smuggling was altogether new to me. What surprised me much—for I had been loyally and religiously educated—was the fact, of which I was soon fully aware, that the townspeople, one and all (so far, at least, as I could judge), were on the side of the free-traders, buying any smuggled goods without scruple, and even assisting them, as far as they could do so without any overt act, in misleading or deluding the officers of excise. My employer was a devout Churchman, who read prayers to his household night and morning, and never absented himself from the sacramental service; but he had evidently no thought of wrong-doing when he laid in a stock of brandy or geneva from the stores of the lively Dodger. The truth may have been that the good people of the town considered themselves privileged; that in countenancing the free-trade they were but asserting and conserving an advantage to which they were entitled by their position, and to which immemorial usage had imparted the character of a prescriptive right. Be that as it may, they made pets and favourites of some of the most active of the free-traders, would extol their prowess and cunning, and indulge in hearty laughter at the defeat of their opponents.

It was not often that a smuggling vessel of any size could succeed in landing a cargo near the town, and it was but rarely that such an exploit was attempted. A safer plan, and one not unfrequently practised, was to distribute the cargo among a number of boats, and trust to the devices of the boats' captains to land as they best might their several quotas. The boats used for the purpose were light and cheaply put together, costing very little indeed. I have, in an afternoon's walk, seen a dozen of them scattered along the shore, each one sawn in two in the middle, and left to rot on the beach. These were victims of the law which decreed the destruction of all smuggling vessels; but they were for the most part triumphant martyrs, seeing that most of them had been voluntarily abandoned after having succeeded in safely landing their cargoes. The loss of such a boat was nothing in comparison with the profits earned by the landing and sale of its contents; indeed, it used to be said that if half the boats escaped seizure a splendid profit was won, and that the safe clearance of one in three would pay all expenses and leave a balance in hand.

The methods of proceeding with a boatload of tubs were as various as the ingenuity of man could devise. A boat would be freighted from the Dodger, for instance, with a hundred or more spirit kegs tied together in pairs, with a rope just long enough to swing, John Gilpin fashion, over a man's shoulders. It would make the land on a dark night in obedience to signals so undemonstrative as to escape remark from everybody save those on the look-out for them. Two minutes after feeling the shingle it would be empty, and, if lucky, off again, and the whole of the tubs on the shoulders of the runners on the way to safe hiding. In case of alarm the boat might be abandoned for execution by sawing asunder; but so watchful were the scouts, that the band had generally timely notice of official intrusion, and would make off by routes where in the darkness of

night a pursuit would have been neither pleasant nor practicable. Sometimes a sham descent would be made at one point to which the attention of the preventives would be diverted, while at another distant point a boat would be cleared out without interruption. Sometimes a daring crew would actually make a bolt for the harbour, and run through the shipping at anchor into the Pent, or inner basin, under the very nose of the preventives stationed on the two piers. In such cases it was the practice for confederates to distract the attention of the watchers by getting up some practical joke, in which they were led to join, or by picking a quarrel with them, or by treating them to drink. One such daring exploit was much talked of at the time. A long, light boat, carrying several hundred kegs, after lying below the water-line till night had set in, came on with muffled oars at a swinging pace, and dashing, almost as soon as discovered, between the piers, was cleverly steered among the shipping, and without let or hindrance arrived at the selected landing-place—of course, taking no notice of the attentions paid her by the preventives. The latter made sure of a prize, and hastened to make the seizure; but they thought it prudent to gather in some force first, and they had a good distance to go; the result being that when they got to the boat every tub had vanished, and only the empty shell was left to reward their exertions. If the runners were pursued the likeliest thing to happen would be that some brawny fellow, assuming drunkenness, would allow himself to be caught with a brace of tubs on him; he would make a violent and prolonged resistance to his captors, and would struggle to get away as though life hung upon his freedom; and when at length he was secured and hauled before the authorities, it would be found that he had been contending so furiously, not for brandy or hollands, but for beer or salt water; and he had to be discharged.

It would occasionally happen that boat-cargoes would be landed which, or part of which, could not safely be run at once to hiding. In such a case the tubs had to be put out of sight as could best be managed. At low water they would be buried deep in the shingle, or thrust into extemporised holes in the chalky cliffs, or sunk with heavy stones among the sea-weed drifted between the timbers of some jetty. At one time these caches along shore were very frequent, and formed a sort of storehouse whence the smuggler could call "spirits from the vasty deep" at his will. A cunning excise officer, however, played havoc among the caches by means of a rather singular device. He trained a terrier pup to play the part of detective, simply by mixing the poor creature's food with spirits, nothing being allowed to pass down Puppy's throat which had not been flavoured with alcohol. The consequence was that the pup never grew into a dog, and that he did grow to relish his food thus flavoured, and preferred it to anything else. Thus qualified, he would be led forth after a day of fasting for a walk along the shore, or about the cliffs, or in the various tracks leading from the coast inland. When poor hungry Tray came to a spot where the spirit tubs were buried, of course he smelt them out, and immediately began pawing the ground and scratching and barking like a mad creature; and whenever he commenced that performance it proved always well worth the excise officer's while to set his men a digging. The poor

doggy, however, had but a short life of it; for one cloudy, misty morning in November, just as he had begun his raking among the shingle, a shot from some invisible marksman laid him dead among the pebbles, and finally stopped a career which, patriotic as it was, was too disastrous to the interests of free-trade to be allowed to continue.

The smuggling of lace was carried on some three-score years back as a means of livelihood by persons who devoted themselves entirely to it. Women would conceal it about their persons, often defeating the skill of the sharpest searchers; men would line their boots or their hats with it; it would sometimes be found under a luxuriant head of hair; and again rolled up in the hollow crutches of some suffering cripple. An old "salt" once told me a tale of a pet goat, the favourite of the master of a packet-boat making regular trips to Holland. This accommodating animal had consented to have his back and sides shaved, and to be fitted with the skin of a martyred comrade, ingeniously attached to his flanks by slender threads of goat's-hair. Then the space between his bare back and his overcoat formed a convenient and elastic pocket for as many yards of Brussels or Mechlin as his owner chose to cram into it.

Another method of landing lace was by fishing for it. Small packets of lace secured in air-tight tins tightly fastened together would be sunk in certain spots, whence they could be readily fished up by those who knew where to angle for them. Tobacco and spirits were also sunk in the same way, and now and then, unfortunately, it might be, for the smuggler, would fall a prey to the fishermen, who, however, if all accounts were true, were as likely as not to leave such prizes where they found them.

Perhaps the oddest phase of smuggling (for smuggling it really was) was patent in a practice which prevailed for several years in Dover, and was carried on openly in full view of the preventives and all the inhabitants of the town. About 1819-20 the fashion came up of wearing Leghorn bonnets of exorbitant dimensions. They were huge straw plaits, nearly circular, and averaging about a yard in diameter; they sold in England at two to three or more guineas each, according to their quality, and nearly half their cost was the duty paid on importing them. Now, according to the law, duty is not demandable on any article of dress worn by travellers. A clever dealer in leghorns contrived to profit enormously by this law. He hired a numerous troop of poorest women and girls—ragged, squalid, and wretched-looking creatures they were, to be sure—and paid them almost a nominal fee for accompanying him daily in his voyages to and from the French coast, contracting with the captain of one of the steamers for season tickets for the whole of them. The troop regularly left Dover in the morning with scarcely a handful of bonnet on their heads; they dined at Calais, if they could afford to dine, and came back in the afternoon, two or three score of them, each with a bran new leghorn of fullest dimensions on her head, the rag of bonnet worn in the morning being stuffed in her pocket. On landing they were all marched to the speculator's warehouse, denuded of their luxurious coiffures, and dismissed for the day. A hundred times, at least, have I seen these forlorn and tattered purveyors of fashion both going out and coming in, and I could tell the boat they travelled by, while it was yet miles away, by the straw-coloured amber line which under a cloudy sky would glimmer like a

streak of sunshine ere the hull of the vessel was distinctly visible.

Articles of various kinds have for a long time been allowed to be imported on *ad valorem* duties; that is, the foreign producers placed a certain value on them and paid duty, or so much per cent., on such value. To prevent their fixing too low a value, and thus escaping a portion of the duty, the Government reserved to themselves the right of buying them, whenever they chose, at the *ad valorem* prices. This was perfectly fair, and one hardly sees how advantage could be taken of it by either party; but certain of the Swiss watchmakers contrived to do a good business by means of this simple regulation. They made good watches, and valued them at the lowest possible rate at which they could afford to supply them to the English dealers. The Government valuers recognising the excellence of the articles, seized them, and paid to the owners the *ad valorem* price, thinking probably that the next and subsequent consignments would be valued higher. This was precisely what the Swiss manufacturers desired. They got cash for their products; they escaped all risks from bad debts and from bankruptcies; and they earned the reputation they were striving to obtain for the character of their manufactures. The watches so seized and paid for by the Government were sold by auction at the periodical sales which came off at the Custom House; they were always put up at the *ad valorem* price, and were knocked down at the highest bidding above that price. The result of this management was that any person who wanted a serviceable watch could procure one at the Custom House sale at a small fraction over the wholesale cost, without the mediation of the dealer and his forty or fifty per cent. profit. I carry in my pocket one of these gold watches, which has served me well for nearly thirty years; it was knocked down for me for ten guineas, the upset or reserve price being ten pounds. It is worth noting, in reference to the profits of dealers in articles of luxury, that many of the watches from the same consignment, and of precisely the same description, fetched at the same sale, as it drew towards a conclusion, as much as fourteen to fifteen pounds, and most of them were knocked down to shopkeepers.

I have said above that smuggling, as a trade or business for the investment of capital, may be considered as no longer existing in this country, and though that is quite true, the truth is by no means universally recognised; for there is a class of pretended smugglers who infest the coast towns and the inlying villages and hamlets, who trade in a mysterious and clandestine manner, as if they were afraid of being seen. They offer to the rural customer—the farmer's wife or daughter—goods "from over the water," which goods are all the while British manufactures, as, for instance, lace from Nottingham or Devonshire, handsome-looking ribbons or kerchiefs from Coventry and Bethnal Green, or tawdry jewellery from Birmingham; their whole stock generally consisting of the ejected refuse of the retail shop or the wholesale warehouse, which they have bought in job lots for a mere song. Many of these fellows are unlicensed hawkers, and in that character they have good grounds for transacting their business with closed doors.

Though the free-trader by profession has so generally disappeared, and one no longer hears of his stubborn fights with the guardians of the revenue, or sees his dismantled vessels rotting, like so many

gibbeted malefactors, on the margin of the sea, still there are not wanting now and then indications of his former whereabouts and peculiar activities. Sometimes it does happen even now that a forgotten cache comes to light—that a navvy, in digging, or a ploughman, in driving the share into land that has hitherto lain waste, or some geological investigator with his hammer, will come suddenly upon a prize which has been buried for long years, and which may be worth something or worth nothing, according to the condition or nature of the soil in which it has been so long concealed. Not so very long ago a friend of the writer, who, for reasons of health, had gone to spend a couple of months at a southern seaport, lighted on one of these long-forgotten treasures. He had walked out of the town above the cliffs, and feeling weary after traversing a mile or so, seated himself on a bank to rest awhile. He began kicking with his heels mechanically, when he became suddenly aware that he had kicked away the earth, and had something wooden under his heel. On making investigation he discovered the head of a cask, and succeeded, with some trouble, in disinterring it; then he rolled it before him with his foot back to the town, and, without remark or inquiry from any one, got it to the house where he lodged. His landlady had some suspicion as to the contents of the cask, which was of some three or four gallon capacity; but she let it be rolled into the back garden. When her husband came home he pronounced at once that it was a smuggler's cache, and so it proved, the contents being French brandy of the finest quality. How long it had remained forgotten in that dry bank it was vain to inquire.

While residing in Paris during the latter years of the reign of Charles x, I became aware of the fact that the trade of smuggling was there thoroughly systematised. No matter what the goods were, however minute or however bulky, upon which duty was payable, the English dealer had only to contract for any quantity he wanted, and pay five per cent. in addition to the purchase-money, and the goods would be promptly delivered in any town in England. What was the machinery employed was of course a profound secret, but so effective was it that contraband English tradesmen could rely with certainty upon receiving their purchases in the specified time. The risk of detection was not in the transit, and if the dealers in contraband were sooner or later made accountable to the exchequer, they had only to blame themselves—never their French confederates.

A brisk trade was then carried on in Swiss watches, a large proportion of which bore the names on their dial-plates of French makers. Hundreds of these passed the frontier between Geneva and Aïn every week, a vast proportion of them being carried by dogs trained to bear a kind of pack-saddle, containing some dozen or so of watches each. The dogs were very clever, and apparently interested in the game; and some of them in busy times would make three or four journeys in a single night. The French Government, annoyed at the continuance and growth of a trade so damaging to their own interests, resolved to put an end to it, and accordingly deputed one of their most experienced agents to manage the business, giving him *carte blanche* as to expense and the means he might employ. He went incognito to the localities and manufactories of the principal free-traders, contrived to ingratiate himself with some of their *employés*, and having at length, as he supposed,

penetrated their mystery, laid his plans accordingly. Then he made himself known to one of the chief contrabandists, and, informing him of the measures he had taken, laughingly advised him to cultivate only his lawful trade for the future. The other smiled in return, and immediately offered to sell him a packet of *bijouterie* and watches for 1,000 francs, which he assured him would be worth double the sum over the frontier, the payment to be due only when the goods had been safely delivered. The Frenchman accepted the conditions and departed, feeling assured that the complete precautions he had taken would inevitably lead to the seizure of the packet. On his arrival at his own home in Paris there was a little surprise awaiting him, for when his valet unpacked his luggage that night one of the first things he drew forth was the packet of contraband articles, which, as a man of honour, the purchaser felt bound to pay for, and to pay the duty on them as well. At the present time it is not worth the while of the Swiss makers to smuggle their watches into France, for the simple reason that the French makers can now rival the Swiss in cheapness and in quality, and compete with them successfully in the markets of the Continent.

Owing to the late increase of duties consequent on the financial predicaments arising out of the Franco-German War, a good deal of smuggling constantly goes on over the Belgian frontier, the principal articles smuggled being lucifer-matches—the French matches being all manufactured by a company which has bought the monopoly from the Government, and sold at over double the price of the Belgian ones—and tobacco, on which the duty in France is even higher than it is with us.

"A form of smuggling," says a writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette," "which is not likely soon to die out, is that practised by tourists, who think it allowable to shirk paying duty on things which they have bought for their own use. Public morals on this point are slightly elastic, and those of the gentler sex especially are apt to think that nothing compels them to 'declare' volumes of Tauchnitz, cases of eau de Cologne, yards of Lyons silk, or pieces of Brussels lace. Here is a story which will illustrate feminine notions on this subject, and perhaps convey a moral. A Belgian bridegroom, being about to start for Paris on his honeymoon tour, was informed by his bride that she thought of concealing several thousand francs' worth of lace about her, hoping by its sale to pay the cost of their journey. The bridegroom was not smitten with this frugal project, and pointed out that there were custom-house officers and a female searcher at Erequehines, who were sometimes struck with an accountable fancy for examining passengers' pockets. This he said, being a timid man, and his bride, to humour him, promised to give up her plan, but then she secreted the lace at the same time, without telling him about it. Now as the train approached the French frontier the husband reflected that if his wife were not searched his fears would be mocked at as having been groundless, and he would start on his married career with prestige impaired. This was not desirable; the rather was it essential that he should from the very outset assert his infallibility. So when the train stopped at Erequehines, and the passengers alighted, the Belgian bridegroom left his bride's arm for a moment, and, sidling up to a *douanier*, whispered, 'I think if you search that lady yonder you may find some lace.'

The *douanier* winked; the happy bride was accosted with an invitation to walk into the female searcher's room. She turned pale, tottered, but was led away, and five minutes later dismal sounds of hysterics were heard. Then the *douanier* reappeared, and said to the horrified husband, "Thank you, sir; it's a good capture. The lady will be taken to prison, and half the fine will go to you." This was a painful adventure, but it does not follow that all husbands are so inconsiderate, nor that all ladies who smuggle lace are caught.

A more amusing anecdote on this subject was lately told at a public dinner by M. Ferdinand Duval, prefect of the Seine. He said that the octroi men of Paris, who levy the municipal barrier dues, are a most vigilant set of fellows, but that, having boasted of their merits, he (the prefect) had been caught. A friend of his, residing at St. Cloud, had made a small bet that he would introduce a pig into Paris in his brougham without the octroi men detecting it. M. Duval took the bet, and strict orders were given at all the gates of Paris to look out for the brougham of the friend in question. Within less than a week, however, the prefect received the sum of eighty centimes, being the amount of duty leviable on a pig, and a request to come and assure himself that the quadruped had been successfully smuggled in. It turned out that the pig, killed and scalded, had been dressed up in woman's clothes, and had been driven into Paris seated triumphantly on the box beside the coachman. Since then the octroi men, it is said, stare with some fixity at plump women when they behold them on carriage-boxes.

Varieties.

THE "CONSTITUTION," AMERICAN U.S. NAVY.—A singular visitor was recently in Portsmouth—the identical frigate, the Constitution, which in the great war seventy years ago fought and captured the British frigate Java. The Constitution (Captain Badger) got on shore in Swanage Bay when cruising near the Isle of Wight. She was brought into the dockyard at Portsmouth. The defects which she required to be made good at the dockyard were only of a nominal character, no important injury having been sustained by the grounding. The splinters were removed from her false keel and some rows of copper, which is iron fastened, were removed in wake of the starboard strake for the purpose of ascertaining whether any damage had been done to the planking. The hull, however, was found to be quite sound and watertight.

UNITED STATES CENSUS.—The United States Senate has passed the bill for taking the tenth census by an almost unanimous vote. It provides for the appointment of a Superintendent of Census, who is to nominate to the Secretary of the Interior a number of Supervisors of Census, not to exceed 150, who shall have the supervision of enumerating the inhabitants and gathering statistics. They are to divide the districts to which they are assigned into subdivisions, which shall not include more than 4,000 or less than 3,000 inhabitants, and to nominate to the Superintendent of Census an enumerator for each of the subdivisions in their districts. The enumerators are to receive 6 dols. per day, and to be selected by the Supervisors with reference solely to their fitness for their work. The Supervisors are to have full charge of taking the census and the collection of statistics in their districts, and are to receive 500 dols. in full for their services, exclusive of clerk hire, which is to be allowed in the discretion of the Superintendent. The Superintendent is authorised by the Act to withdraw from the enumerators schedules for manufacturing and social statistics, and give the collection of these statistics to experts and special agents, without regard to locality. He is also authorised to employ experts or special agents, at not more than 6 dols. a day and travelling expenses, to investigate, in their economic relations, manufacturing, railroad, fishing, mining, and other industries

of the country, and the statistics of telegraph, express, transportation, and insurance companies. The enumeration required by the Act is to begin on the 1st of June, 1880, and to be completed on the 1st of July. In cities having more than 10,000 inhabitants the work is required to be completed within the first two weeks of June. Three million dollars are appropriated to defray the expenses of taking the census, and 250,000 dols. additional for printing.

SIGNOR LANZA ON CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.—We have seen a remarkable letter addressed to the Liberal paper, "La Patria," by Giovanni Lanza, one of the most distinguished deputies of the Italian parliament. Signor Lanza is not a Protestant, and he fondly believes that the Church of Rome is capable of reformation from within, but it is in the Christian not the ecclesiastical element, that his hope is placed, and his words are worthy of the high character which he bears. "The greatest obstacle," he says, "to a religious reformation which would bring the Catholic faith into harmony with civil society was the temporal power of the popes. This having ceased, the church will acquire greater liberty, the result of which, sooner or later, will be the reforms necessary. What these ought to be I would not take upon myself to say; it would be too grave an assumption. I hold strongly, however, that the Gospel contains the germ of unlimited progress, political and moral. The divine book which proclaims the abolition of slavery, universal brotherhood, peace on earth, the duty of giving to our poor brethren of our superabundance, etc., ought to have the power to meet the utmost needs of our commonwealth, and to be the credo of our entire humanity. The apostle alone is wanting who would know how to bring back freshness to the holy dogmas of the Christian faith, and to revive the religious enthusiasm of the people for them. I am confident that when the time is ripe he will appear. Now we are passing through the period of preparation, and they are doing a meritorious work who, having the special gifts and wholesome doctrines, labour to instruct and educate the people, imbuing them again with the religious sentiment, without which nothing great can be accomplished."

"REST AWHILE."—A medical man in very large practice, and much respected for his personal worth as well as his professional skill, lately received an anonymous letter, containing £100, and a slip of paper on which was written, "St. Mark, chap. vi. verse 31st." The text referred to is this: "And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat." A more happy instance of Christian consideration could not be conceived. It is not uncommon for ministers to receive from their people the means of taking a holiday, at least in free churches, where the State is not supposed to support the clergy. In America, for example, a pastor's trip to Europe is frequently franked by the generous and considerate members of churches; but for other classes of over-worked professional men this thoughtful kindness is so rarely shown that the case of the doctor is worthy of special notice. Many a man is worn out prematurely for lack of the means to "Rest awhile."

ART ACCOMPLISHMENTS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—It is somewhat amusing to glance back at the successive pursuits which have been dear to the Art-loving ladies of the past fifty years. In the early days, when womankind awoke to the fact that art was possible to her, and shook off the thralldom of "samplers," she delighted in "Poonah painting," which seems to have been a variety of "Oriental tinting," much taught at young ladies' schools in the early part of the present century. Præd, in describing a young lady's education, asks—

"And did they bid you banish pride,
And mind your Oriental tinting?
And did you learn how Dido died,
And who found out the art of printing?"

Next came the rage for filling glasses with variously coloured sands, and the absurd mania for sticking little vignettes over china and glass, which rejoiced in half a score of long names, and still lingers in Germany as "Metachromatypie." Then we had the fashion of obtaining the outlines of natural foliage by splashing Indian ink all round them, and leaving the image of a group of leaves on finger napkins and table tops. Then came actual Art work, and, from painting on fans and hand-screens, young ladies of the present day have arrived at painting on china, which is now by far the most fashionable "rage." Art pottery decorated by amateurs bids fair to become a drug in the market.